

# REGISTER



BY

Volume LIX

Mid-Winter Number

No. 3

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# The Register

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No. 3



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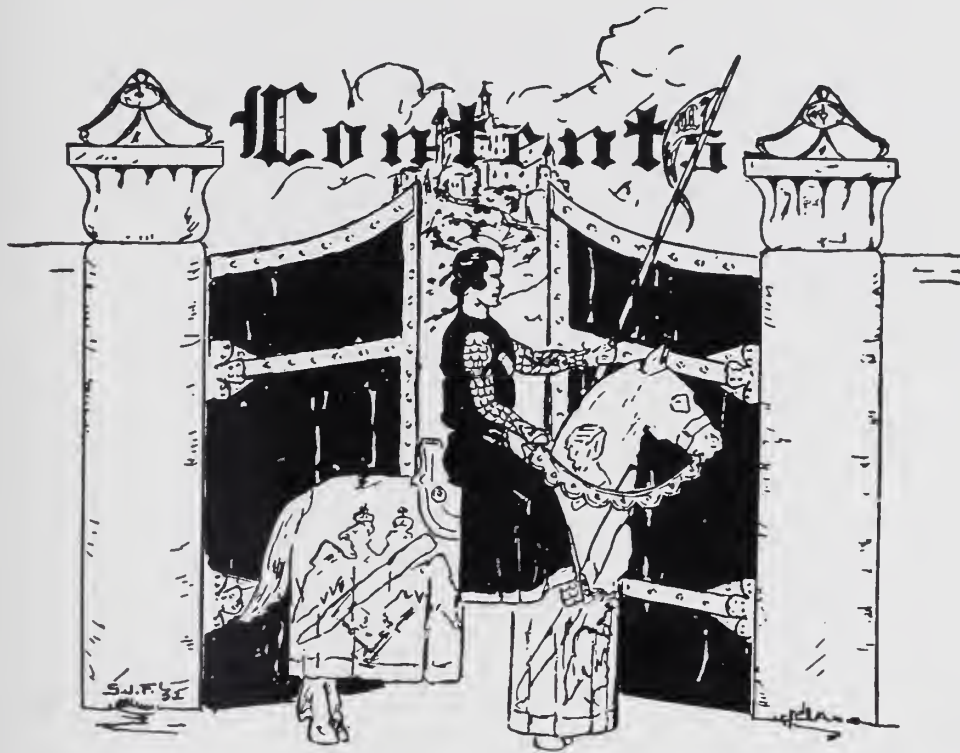
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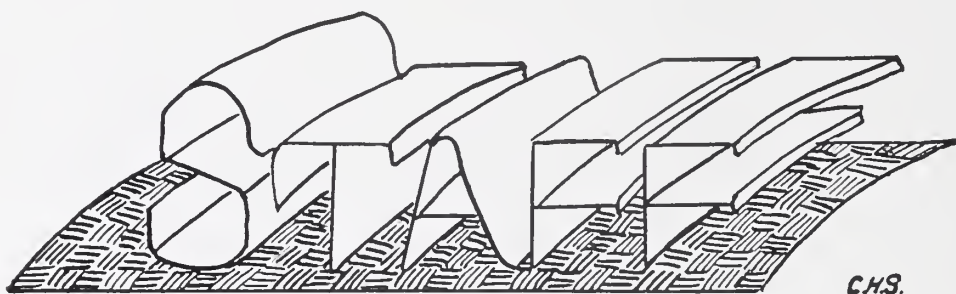
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## LEONARDO DA VINCI

Leonardo is a fascinating mystery. A scientist, he was passionately devoted to art; an inventor and realistic student of nature, he was also a dreamer and an idealist. While enthusiastically worshipping beauty, there is no clear evidence that he was ever inspired by love of woman. With power of intense and incessant work, he left much unfinished. The most versatile genius in an age producing myriad-minded men, he is inadequately expressed in the works that survive. Still, in view of the range of his activity, and achievement, he was, perhaps, the greatest man that ever lived.

All accounts agree that Leonardo had great personal beauty and physical strength. On one occasion, in a contest with the strongest men of the village, he engaged in a game which consisted of tossing up a coin so that it would touch the very cupola of a church they were in. Leonardo vanquished all with his dexterity and strength. He was left-handed, but with this left hand, which was as soft and slender in appearance as that of a young woman, he could bend iron horseshoes and twist the tongue of a brazen bell. Yet, when drawing the face of a beautiful woman, he was unbelievably delicate.

He was endlessly taking notes and drawing sketches of different types of faces and their movements. He even invited eccentric people into his home, and, under false pretenses, he would study every facial movement with avid curiosity; and, when they left, he would sketch the things that interested him most in what he had seen.

Sometimes, early in the morning, when the sun had just risen, he would set out for the Dominican hostel of Maria delle Grazie, where he was paint-

ing "The Last Supper" on the monastery wall. The Prior complained that Leonardo would spend hours idly sitting before the painting, then put on a few daubs with the brush and depart. Leonardo explained that he was not idle but thinking out his conceptions; and that there were two difficulties almost inseparable. The first was to find a face worthy of Christ; the second to get a face frightful but not repellent or even malevolent, but only filled with infinite sorrow and the bitter realization of Judas. Tragically marred as is Leonardo's masterpiece, on which he labored over twelve years, it remains a marvel. Various preliminary drawings for it, especially the one in red chalk of Jesus, help us to realize his conceptions.

One morning, after the seizure of Milan by the French, a friendly monk burst into Leonardo's work room and told him that a group of French soldiers were destroying his Colossus. The artist hurried to the place where his Colossus stood, and he saw marksmen playfully hurling stones at it and using it for a target. He was amazed and then looked on resignedly at the destruction of the sixteen best years of his life, perhaps the greatest work in sculpture since the time of Phidias and Praxiteles.

A few days after the destruction of the Colossus, he visited the monastery where "The Last Supper" was painted on the wall. Examining it closely, he saw that the dampness, which he had so carefully tried to prepare against, had seeped through the wall and was beginning to make minute cracks in it, so small that only his keen eye would have noticed them. Leonardo paused and realized that, of his two greatest works—The Colossus, destroyed by soldiers, and his painting, doomed to decay from



dampness—neither would survive. In this discouraged state, he decided to visit a philosopher friend in the mountains.

While Leonardo rested in this mountain retreat, Prestinari, a poet from Bergaineu, came to visit the philosopher. At supper one evening the poet became offended when Leonardo did not praise his poetry sufficiently. He disputed the advantages of poetry over painting. The artist remained silent; but finally the bitter feeling of the poet aroused him, and he began to contradict the poet tauntingly. "Painting is superior to poetry because it depicts the works of God rather than the conceptions of man." Gradually Leonardo became absorbed; and speaking without jest, he said, "The eye gives a more perfect image than the ear. What one can see is more authentic than what one can hear. In verbal description, there is a series of separate images; whereas, in a picture, all images and colors appear simultaneously, blending like the sounds of an accord, which makes possible in painting as in music a greater degree of harmony than in poetry. Ask a lover which he would most prefer, a portrait of his beloved or a description, even if the poet is a great one." All smiled at his argument, and even the poet remained silent.

After four years of incessant work, which marked the peak of his varied career, he completed his greatest portrait, that of Mona Lisa, with the smile of mystery, subject to more questioning than any other painting. Other artists interpret personality. Leonardo in painting, like Shakespeare in drawing, gives personality as nature creates it, with all its mystery intact.

Leonardo's twenty years at Milan formed the crowning period of his varied activity. He carried through great

engineering works, some still in operation, such as dredging and confirming river channels and constructing fortifications, bridges, and public buildings. He erected the great statue of the elder Sforza. It was one of the wonders of the world, but the casting was delayed; and in the wars that followed, it was utterly destroyed. Leonardo was also a master of ceremonies at the Court of Milan, preparing masques, music, and plays to amuse the court circle, given once and never repeated.

Though Leonardo was a very versatile man, his whole life seemed to be wrapped up in the study of a flying machine. He would spend days at a time, without sleep, pondering over fractions and square roots, always trying to determine the method by which wings might fly. One day, as Leonardo sat bent over his worktable, a swallow flew in at the open window and began flying about the room. It became entangled in the net of the cord sinews of the flying machine. Leonardo freed the captive, cautiously, that he might cause it no pain, took it in his hand, caressed it, and then let it fly out of the window. The swallow soared and dove about, crying out in the pleasure of its freedom. "How easy, how simple!" said Leonardo, following it with a wistful, pensive gaze. He turned and glanced at the sombre framework of the huge, bat-like wings in the corner. Then, he plunged deeply into the study of wings as if the fate of the universe depended upon it.

The most amazing phase of his activity was his wide range of invention. He announced two centuries before Watt watched his tea-kettle go up and down, that steam could be used to drive ships. He invented a screw propeller, now universally used. He cast new forms of cannon and invented musical instruments. He was admittedly an investi-



gator of first sources who knew what fossils meant; who had the first, even if rudimentary, sense of what modern psychology would show; who all but discovered the circulation of the blood and the mechanics and significance of metabolism. He was an engineer who provisioned tanks, gas warfare, and the machine gun. He drew plans for the submarine and the airplane.

The whole story is further evidence of Leonardo the experimenter and scientist even more than the artist.

Leonardo's talent in art is summed up by saying that, in point of time, he taught Michelangelo force, Raphael beauty, and other artists grace. His volumes of notes which have been found are priceless to the world of art.

In science he was one of the first to experiment in aviation. Two years after the voyage of Columbus, he had the reasons for the earth's annual motion, the laws of friction, and the principle of virtual velocity. He wrote on fortification and war; machines that could cut

down a hundred men at a time. He occupied himself with the fall of bodies on the hypothesis of the earth's rotation, and many other things too numerous to mention.

Leonardo was like a man awakened in the night, at an early hour, when every one else was asleep. He was lonely among the men of his time, so he wrote in a diary, and hoped that future scholars might benefit from his knowledge. In the murk of the morn, a plougher of desert places, he had gone out into the field to make mystic furrows with his plow.

What other man was ever endowed with the versatile talents of Leonardo da Vinci? He was the greatest artist, the best sculptor, the foremost chemist and scientist, the most profound mathematician, and the cleverest inventor of his day. Like a Himalayan peak, Leonardo towered above his age, cosmopolitan master mind of the Renaissance, and probably of all time.

T. J. MOORE, P.G.

## TULLON

I gazed about me, at the flowers growing in profusion, their colors glittering beneath the sunlight, then over towards an orchard, the green, red, and orange of it twisted into a matchless blend, and finally I raised my eyes towards the grapevine with its luscious purple and white locks hanging by a thin thread. All this filled my soul with a heavy feeling of comfort, which, bubbling over, blanketed my eyes; and I felt the desire to stay here forever.

"This land," he spoke, smoothing the cocked head of his white spaniel squatted beside him, "is visible to only those who wish to find it. You will decide, as we have, whether you shall stay. If you leave, it will fall from your mind as a dream."

He sighted whatever answer I had within my eyes and smiled again.

"But what rules must one abide by?" I queried softly.

"None," he replied; "just obey the biddings of your mind and inner soul."

It was too simple for me.

"But," I stammered, "for a land to be different, it must have different beliefs and rules."

The spaniel crouched nearer his master's legs.

"On the contrary," the keeper assured me, "our beliefs are exactly the same. The only difference is that we put them to practice. You asked me If we had rules, I'd call these our rules, but they're all we have."

They were mine now.

"Would you kindly tell me them?" I asked.

"Surely you have heard of them, my son. The ten commandments!"

The morning held a perfect color as if it had been dabbed by a great master's brush. The grass so green and shiny, the streams sparkling clear, the earth brown and warm, and the multi-colored flowers gay and sweet-smelling—I could feel it all; it made me happy. Dusk began to totter away as the far horizon was bathed in a glory of yellow sun.

Mornings were different here, away from humans—their quarrels and spurning lives. No pressing engagements, leisure, a slow, happy pace where Nature is untouched, except for the pressing of your footprint or the rub of your hand; that's God's land. There are no wars, no hatred, no jealousy, no strife among the little flowers or powerful trees. They know their position and accept it. They do not covet more land or curse God when they have lost some, for they are happy. Even in death, they seem to hold a certain beauty.

I took as usual a different path that day, towards the sun as it slowly mounted above the distant ridge. It beat upon my body and made it tingle with warmth. Birds dashed across the open sky, swooped and disappeared into some foliage. Along I continued through thickets, past clumps of bushes, and then up a slope. Slowly as I climbed—up, up, up—my eyes were level with the top. I clutched tightly the stick within my hand. Before me, as if the land had fallen away, a valley; below, a spotless city.

I could not recall ever having been told of it, nor having met any of its inhabitants. For there were people on its streets. At first it struck me as a mirage, a trick of the senses. Then sud-

denly, the realization came to me.

I began to pick my way among the boulders, down the incline. Gradually my eyes grew accustomed to the sight, to its oddness, to its strange beauty. I felt, while descending, that something was drawing close about me, clasping me within its grip. I came upon a path, which led to a number of stone steps. They were clean and white and evidently led into the interior of the city. I continued down carefully.

One flight; two flights, down, a turn, an arch, down, down. But where? The tread of my feet upon the steps made a musical sound. In a tunnel. Dark. My stick prodded ahead for falls. There were none; all was smooth and clear. Turn back. Voices, cheerful voices, full of laughter and the melodic strains of an instrument. My body tingled with excitement. An opening . . . light. Someone brushed past, frightened me. I was on a street.

It was different from the very first. Immediately I dispelled all fear, the fear of something one does not understand. The several people I saw were gay, noticed me, greeted me and passed. It was a strange city, I found. The buildings were magnificent structures, the byways neat and bright, everything well planned. The land abounded in beauty. But I knew I had never heard of the place before.

I walked on in no certain direction. It was a mystery, and curiosity began to play upon me. My dress was in sharp contrast to that of the inhabitants, but they did not stop to stare upon the newcomer. I waited for one of them to put a question and thereby strike up a conversation. They were polite and seemed to regard me as their own.

Finally I happened upon a "dish and wares" shop and entered. The keeper was old and well-dressed. He wore fine

white linens to suit the climate. He had thatches of grey hair, a wrinkled forehead, but his body showed vigor and firmness. His legs were crossed, and the light outside fell upon him and his shop. He sat reading. He stopped and squinted up at me through his glasses.

"Yes?" he said, smiling, and on his feet.

"I do not come to buy," I began, "but just to inquire of several things."

"Surely."

He offered me a seat; and my limbs, tired, accepted.

"I am a stranger. Could you tell me where I am?"

Upon this, he wore no baffled expression, but accepted it casually.

"Tullon."

"You must pardon my ignorance of geography," I put in; "but I have never heard of Tullon."

He raised his slender white fingers and picked his glasses off.

"Neither had I till I came."

"Till you came?" I repeated.

"Yes. You see I am one of the fortunate also. But, of course, you do not understand. I will explain."

He laid aside his glasses and crossed his legs again. He talked softly and in a clean tone. My curiosity had advanced to a spilling-point.

"I was a man who hated wars, cruelty, killing. People talked about it, said stop it, why should it be. They all hate it, and still it goes on. There were crimes, all sorts of vices when I left; and there still must be now. It is saddening to think of it. Some lay those faults to human nature. But is it our nature? Are we actually as powerless as that?

We call it the carnal nature of animals, but the human nature of man. They attempt to curb those instincts, it is true, but to a degree that man learns to use them only when he believes they are necessary or when he believes that he will not be discovered.

"Then again, he believes he will achieve happiness, but aren't these things really the ones that work against it? I fought for what I thought was right, and I was unsuccessful, because the forces against me were too great. You see you can never gain what you set out for if the forces around are in constant opposition to you."

"Yes," I interrupted, not rudely, "I admit you're right and that I have felt the same. Yet what can one do? You can't stand up and make them accept your beliefs. But how does that affect your staying here?"

He smiled, and with it came a volume of understanding. The keeper rose and stepped towards the back of the shop. I followed him through a door into a large green garden. After having seated ourselves beneath a wide-flung grapevine, he began pleasantly to speak to me.

"Things are different here. We live in happiness, away from all quarrels, from all vices. I live to help the others, and they live to help me. We have no fear and no worries, nor is there ever any necessity for it. Our sole desire is to make others happy, for in it we obtain our greatest joy.

"See." He lifted his hand in several directions. "Can this be a land of hatred, where one attempts to tear the other down for his own base desires?"





## MANUS SOCIORUM

There's been an influx of applications lately for membership in a few of our Latin School Clubs—mostly by seniors who are anxious to "color their past" for the Yearbok. We have run across a few "outcasts". For that matter, the way we sally from one club to another is enough to liken us to "The Man Without a Country." In this case, a club.

CANDIDLY speaking, we very much enjoyed the latest contest sponsored by the Camera Club. Competitions are held to excite interest and with an eye to finding the best material for a "Salon" of best prints to be held under their auspices in April. The president, Stephen Stavro, known by his camera as "Wellini 2.8 Tessar," announced that "Dan" McDermott of Class II had captured four of the five prizes in the present contest. McDermott, on being interviewed, said that he has already won merit in National contests. Polish the trumpets, men. *Saluto!*

CASTING. The Dramatics Club held forth for tryouts for its three-act play "Ghost Train" last month. As is the usual case, 106 was bursting with young thespians anxious to tread the boards. The Dram. Club has always been somewhat mysterious in its methods. . . .

But when it accomplishes such arresting work as seen in "The Key" at Christmas time, we rally to its banner and now wait patiently till the Ghost Train pulls in.

SETTLED in one manner of speaking is the Old School rivalry between Latin and English. While the football heroes held them to a 0-0 last Fall, the silver-tongued "Demostheneses," Rothstein and Leahy, armed with words mightier than the tackle or the forward pass, sallied into the thick of a verbal

battle with them. They now rest on laurel in 227.

SPEAKING of speeches, let's break a precedent and applaud William Ellis of Class I, our most persistently excellent declaimer. As far back as we can remember (and it's a long way) he has been choosing and delivering the most consistently good pieces heard. He was "tops" in the Third Public Dec. . . .

CHORALES and ditties issue now from the president of the Glee Club, Charles Regan, in answer to the interviewer. He sings (?) of Japan with English wit. Not his own verse, no, no, but selections from the very-soon Club production of "The Mikado." Mr. T. Francis Burke is directing the music, and Mr. Russo is staging the action.

AT CLUB KEYHOLES: Mr. McGuffin is a great man for system. His French classes are proof enough, but we admire his Chess and Checker Club's long meetings and short meetings—and no meetings by special notice! . . . The Literary Club heard a lecture on "The Evolution of the Drama" by Rand Manning, with an expose of the construction of "The Key" and a demonstration of modern stage practice by Frank Sidlauskas. The following meeting heard "A History of the English Bible," delivered by Leon Hurvitz, our most learned scholar (physics excepted) . . . Mr. French is still selling tickets—Now it's hockey, but the sales run low. There's no skipping the last period when we go only as far as the Arena. . . The Music Appreciation Club held some of its best concerts of the year last month. They are all well worth listening-in to. . . Thomas O'Connor of the Art Club has started his organization on poster work for "The Mikado" and "The Ghost

Train". . . . Mr. Lucey's Math Club and Mr. Wales' Physics Club meetings, traveling beyond the limits of the classroom, show the most amazing manner in which the great thinkers of the world have succeeded in making problems more and more complex. We somehow

think of tired Hippocrates drawing "doodle work" in the sand and evolving Geometry at the same time. (Sounds like we're flunking Math.) . . . That's all the chatter we have. See you next month!

## LATIN SCHOOL BOYS

### BROWN:

At Brown University, home of the famous John Carter Library, Arthur H. Cooper, '36, has been keeping himself well in the spotlight. Last month he was appointed production manager of *The Brownbrowkers*, a student musical review organization. This month comes the news that because of his exceptionally high scholastic standing, he has been chosen one of a select group of boys to be admitted to the Honors Program of study. Frederick Bloom, also of the Class of '36, has been admitted to this course for study in English. Glancing through the Dean's list, we found more graduates from our school than from any other. Considering that we send about four boys to Brown each year, you can see that it is a record of which we may well be proud. On the Dean's list we found Arthur H. Cooper, '36, stage manager at B.L.S.; Frederick Bloom, '36, in his graduating year a member of the now decadent Physics Club; William H. Hunt, '36, on the first line of our stellar hockey team in '36; and Everett J. Daniels, '37, a four-time winner of Classical award, one of our class-day committeemen and an associate editor of *The REGISTER* in '37.

### HARVARD:

Our reputation in our "mother school" has not been let down by our recent graduates, as is evidenced by the staggering list of honors obtained by our sons last year.

GRADUATED SUMMA CUM LAUDE IN 1939

Albert Hircydel Cohen (Sociology)  
Lawrence Forrest Ebb (Government and Philosophy)  
Harry Pollard (Mathematics)  
GRADUATED MAGNA CUM LAUDE IN 1939  
Norman Harold Brisson (Economics)  
Harold Brown (Biochemical Sciences)  
Bernard Fisher (Geological Sciences)  
Stanley George Geist (English)  
Robert Kaplan (Government)  
Julian Jacob Leavitt (Chemistry)  
Leon Levinson (Biology)  
Irving James Lewis (Government)  
Robert Maurice Ravven (Philosophy and Psychology)  
Elliott Lawrence Seegall (Biochemical Sciences)  
William B. Saunders (Economics)  
David Charles Sullivan (Germanic Languages and Literature)  
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Seymour Benshaft (History)  
Jacob Bernard Dana (Economics)  
Leonidas Harry Demeter (Classics and Government)  
Sherwood Dean Fox (Sociology)  
Sylvan Emerson Golden (Sociology)  
Benjamin Solomon Golub (Biology)  
Edward Alan Goodwin (Government)  
Bernard David Grossman (Government)  
James Jacob Horowitz (Government)  
Melvin Louis Levin (Economics)  
Joseph Levine (Astronomy)  
Philip Levine (Chemistry)  
Robert Louis Lubell (Economics)  
Eugene Francis Murphy (Romance

Languages and Literature)  
 David Julius Oppenheim (Biology and  
 Literature)  
 Fred Rogosin (Music)  
 Bernard Sanford Resser (Economics)  
 Sidney Sullivan (Philosophy)  
 \* \* \*

Among those elected to the honorary *Phi Beta Kappa* Society we are represented by George Stanley Kurland, '36, a four-time winner of the Classical Prize, recipient of the Class of 1885 award, and member of the Banquet Committee in '36. Stanley George Geist, Robert Kaplan, Julian Jacob

Leavitt, and Robert Maurice Ravven were members of the *Phi Beta Kappa (Senior) Society* last year.  
 \* \* \*

#### ALUMNI WHO CAME BACK TO VISIT

William M. Goulding, son of Mr. and Mrs. Timothy F. Goulding of Beacon Street, a freshman at Tufts College, is playing the role of Feste, the clown, in Shakespeare's "Twelfth Night", the forthcoming production of Pen, Paint, and Pretzels. Mr. Goulding played in "R. U. R.", the fall production of the dramatic society. He graduated from Boston Latin School in 1937.

### LATIN SCHOOL HAILS ITS OWN PLAYWRIGHT

"The Key" by Rand Manning

"The Key", a modern play of school-boys, was presented for the first time on any stage Thursday, December 21, 1939, at the Boston Latin School Auditorium. The play was written, directed, and designed by Rand Manning. The scenic effects and lighting were handled by Francis Sidlauskas. The play was produced by Mr. Mark F. Russo and Mr. William H. Marnell. The cast was as follows:

The Stage Manager	Rand Manning
The New Boy	Irving Rudman
Bud, a student	Edward Wolper
Tom, a student	Robert Leahy
Chuck, a student	Michael Touloumtzis
Bill, a student	Bertram Huberman
Earl, a student	Richard Arnold
Brooks, a student	Melvin Kopelman
George, a student	Arnold Feldman
Junior, a student	George Rosenblatt
Mr. Wetherbee, a master	Ralph Caputo

If the Dramatics Club can produce again so interesting and so genuine a piece as "The Key," we shall be surprised. Let us acknowledge the fact that in our midst is a playwright of ability, with an acute sense of observation of life about him and a sense of

theatre. Let us also warmly praise the acting company.

From the very moment we entered the Auditorium we were aware that something refreshingly different was in store for us. The curtain was already up. Then, as the Stage Manager placed a few chairs in position on one side of the stage and came down to talk with us, we were hardly aware that the drama had already begun.

The engrossing story of life as we live it at B.L.S., told by the Stage Manager, captured our interest. But it was the conclusions at which he arrived that held it.

The first picture of the New Boy alone in a light at the upper end of a field and the final glimpse of him with a real friend was part of the symbolism evident throughout the action. Perhaps the most difficult and most finely drawn character was that of "Bud," the boy who became the New Boy's friend. Edward Wolper played it with a fine feeling for the transition of character that made him a genuine person. The New Boy's strangeness and his awe of the school and its teachers was portrayed by Irving Rudman, who played



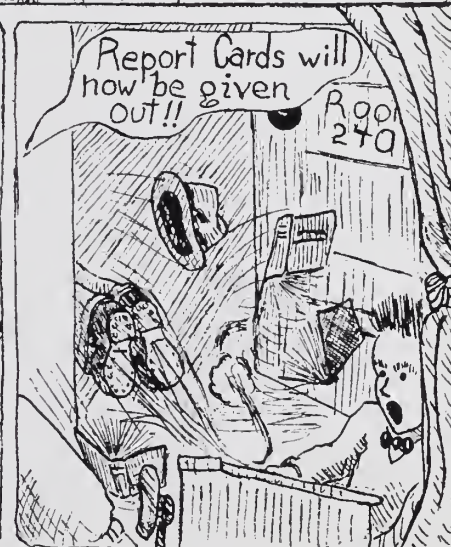


Top sergeants working zealously to insure their companies winning a prize.

This sort of thing adds no end of enjoyment to the day's proceedings

Two Scene Drama  
"The Little Man Who Wasn't There"

Meredith Kline '40



Time:-9:01

Time:-for all practical purposes-Same

consistently throughout the three scenes. Ralph Caputo, who played the intolerant master, Mr. Wetherbee, did a splendid piece of convincing character-acting.

But the star of the production was, of course, its author and director, Rand Manning. The ease with which he addressed the audience, even from his first words, was apparent and contagious. The most remarkable thing was his apparent sincerity. In speaking with him later, he said that he believed that many more shows will be done in the "space-staging" manner of "The Key". He is vitally interested in the American Theatre, and from his beginnings in Latin School he hopes some day to write the World's Greatest Play. With sincerity and ambition, with talent and his growing knowledge of the theatre, he should go far in the field. We all say, "More power to you, Rand."

\* \* \*

#### PEOPLE OF THE VILLAGE

Organist \_\_\_\_\_ *Frank Grenier*

Choir \_\_\_\_\_ *Glee Club Octet*

#### TECHNICAL STAFF

Electrician \_\_\_\_\_ *Francis Sidlauskas*

Properties By \_\_\_\_\_ *Charles Regan*

Sound Effects By \_\_\_\_\_ *Julian Palmer*

Assistant in Production  
\_\_\_\_\_ *James Harrington*

#### PRODUCTION CREDITS

Production designed by Rand Manning. Technical production by Francis Sidlauskas. Special sound effects through the courtesy of Mr. Daniel Shea of the Physics Department. Choir under the direction of Mr. Francis Burke of the Music Department of Boston Schools. Organ from Steinerts.



ABOVE: Author-Director Rand Manning caught by the camera as he gave final instructions to the cast.

BELOW: T. to B.—L. to R. George Rosenblatt, Arnold Feldman, Robert Leahy, Richard Arnold, Michael Touloumtzis, Edward Wolper, and Bertram Huberman perusing Cicero.



## RAMBLINGS OF THE REGISTER'S RAVING REPORTER



Nov. 27: To-day, Latin's Classical scholars got their first free taste of classical music at the State Symphony Concert and, needless to say, "We liked it" (especially at the expense of a Latin period).

Nov. 28: That unconventional cheering which reëchoed in each room, to-day was not a premature football rally, but was caused by the notice announcing that there would be no homelessons assigned over the Thanksgiving Recess.

Nov. 29: Sis! Boom! Bah! . . . Yahbah . . . Football Rally this afternoon and we take this opportunity to congratulate Co-Captains Harvey and Rowen for the gems of oratory with which they overwhelmed the boys. . . Also, what some guys won't do for a free ticket?

Nov. 30: To-day, Latin's underrated, undersized, and underpaid football team plowed under its powerful blue-and-blue rivals by holding them to a scoreless tie.

Dec. 1: Oooh, my belly!  
Ooow, my head!  
To-day's vacation;  
But I'm in bed.

Dec. 4: News while it is news! Reliable sources tell us that there are but 15 days or 90 periods or 4,950 minutes until vacation. . . With this in mind and remembering that it is best to do one's Christmas shopping early, Arnold gave the Literary Club a short review of the life and works of Eugene O'Neill.

Dec. 5: This is an R.R.R. stereotype, and we take great pleasure in repeating it once more: Upon hearing four boys talking, a master remarked, "Ah, the four Marx brothers . . . take one mark apiece!!" (there are only three Marx brothers now, Mr. —; the other got marked so often that he is now called "Milder")

Dec. 6: We're broke again as usual; we just paid our second installment for the "REGISTER". While on the subject, one brilliant young fellow claimed that he should get \$2.20 at the end of the year since he was a member of both the Literary and Business Staffs.

Dec. 7: The meeting of the Highway Safety Club to-day calls this one to mind. A student, who was driving along the highway at 100 m.p.h., was accosted by an officer. "Was I driving too fast?" asked the student. "No," replied the policeman, "you were flying too low."

Dec. 8: It seems that most teachers (especially when report cards are about due) are like the old preacher who claimed that he was quite open to conviction, but would like to see anybody convince him.

Dec. 11: "Who was this guy Homer anyhow?"—"Oh, he wrote a couple of books called 'The Idiot' and 'The Oddity'." !!! Pooh! Bah!—And we're not trying to put in a plug for the Glee Club's "Mikado," either.



Dec. 12: Math Club met to-day. . . A most interesting meeting. . . Hmmm. . . Discussed "The Economic Defect on Boyle's Law of the Differential Loss of Weight When the Umlauted Second Syllabus of A Year's English Work Is Drawn Perpendicular to the Manometer of the Driving Shaft!" . . . Very interesting . . . Hmmm. . .

Dec. 13: The R.R.R. would present his monthly "boost" to-day, to a certain Mr. Pennypacker, who, when all music-loving people were fleeing from the French Club's lusty, off-key singing of "Alouette," came up to hear some more. As a first-class glutton for punishment, we salute you, Mr. P.

Dec. 14: The hockey season started off with a bang, and, it seems, that one bang was enough for Dorchester to top our goal-starving puckchasers, 1 to 0.

Dec. 15: Not that you care, but we feel it our duty to report the first formal debate of the year was held this P.M. in the auditorium of the Schola Latina Bostoniensis . . . and it WAS formal—with G.L.S. Our Society was represented by Rothstein, Casey, and Leahy. . . You should have seen the boys in stiff shirts . . . and the girls in evening gowns.

Dec. 18: At last it happened: some money was found near Room 102, to-day. The loser will be presented with one weeping towel if he cannot identify his lost hoard.

Dec. 19: We attended the Literary Club's workshop lecture, expecting to see Manning and Sidlauskas dressed in overalls; but, upon seeing them dressed as ordinary human beings, we left. For what is there so unusual about hearing Manning and Sidlauskas talk?

Dec. 20—Second issue of The REGISTER came out to-day . . . Prexy Hoar is hunting for yours truly, the R.R.R., with blood in his eye. I wonder why? But the REGISTER's *Raving Reporter* still remains a Mystery—I hope.

Dec. 21: Because we knew our parents were going to visit our "lords and masters" to-night, we gave our Christmas presents one day earlier. Our stratagem was unsuccessful.

Dec. 22: Room 119 came out with something unique. Via its blackboards, it wished us a "Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year" in 16 different languages.

Dec. 23-31: We repeat what has been said in the REGISTER for nearly a decade concerning this vacation. "ZZZzzzz!"

Dec. 28: To-day, Latin continued to keep its own column clean by keeping its opponents' goal line uncrossed. This time, 4 to 0.

Jan. 2: Mr. Levine had the right idea when he put a notice on the front board which read, "To-day is Tuesday, Jan. 2, 1940."

Jan. 3: Le Cercle Francais 'est convenu aujourd'hui. . . How's that, considering that I only got a "50" last month.

Jan. 5: They did it again! They did it again! Two murders, three cases of arson, and one suicide! But what happened to 'Buck Fenshaw's Funeral'? 3rd Public Declamation—Classes I and II attending.

Jan. 8: The first meeting of the Little Shavers Club was called to order at 2:40 to-day. Membership is open to only those members of Classes III, II, and I who rebel against shaving more than once a week. "Ernie" Nedvins was unanimously elected president.

Jan. 9: Tryouts for the 'Ghost Train' this afternoon in 106. . . After taking a general consensus of opinion, the R.R.R. decided to try out for the part of the 'Ghost'. . . If experience is any advantage, he ought to get the part, because physically, the R.R.R. was in 106; in name he was at the History Club . . . Heh, heh, heh!

Jan. 10: While our school aviators were making plans for a future contest and the Classical Club was holding its meeting, the History Club listened to the President's speech being torn apart and then being put together by Critics Gelerman and Shubow.

Jan. 11: At last our clean slate has been dotted! We have scored! Commerce 2—Latin 1. "Nuff sed."

Jan. 12: The intrepid members of the Stamp Club were brave enough to attempt a meeting on the same afternoon and in the same school as the Glee Club once, but it hereafter resolves to have a sufficient supply of cotton-batting on hand for the exclusive aural use of its members.

Jan. 15: When our eyes can't believe what they see: The sun was shining, the weather was warm, and our thoughts turned to books. But, the sign on the door said, "No school," and so we turned to go home sorrowfully. (Oh yeah?)

Jan. 16: The Calendar said it was Tuesday, but Mr. Powers said it was

Monday; and who is there who can say that Mr. Powers was wrong?

Jan. 17: In Mr. Gordon's Test Papers: "By his method, Socrates could teach the people wrong from right, and vice from verse."

Jan. 18: To-day, Latin forced its way into the athletic limelight, but without its one-man track team, "Wild Willie" Ellis. The best it could do was to follow close in the tracks of Mechanics, which was under the circumstances, better than Dorchester and Trade could do.

Jan. 19: The R.R.R. attempted to make his way through the Assembly Hall. But, after being shouted at, ordered to duck, and hit on the head in a most impolite manner, by an indescribable whirring object, he thought better of it, and retraced his steps most hurriedly. The Aviation Club was holding its contest.

Jan. 20: REGISTER Deadline: Mr. Marson orders two waste-paper baskets to take care of The REGISTER Reporter's Raving.



### SONNET III

Though rose-beds wither, dying in the  
gloom.  
And Sorrow flashes tears of deadly light,  
Resist, good mind; yea, stand with all  
thy might.  
Oh, give no entrance to those thoughts  
of doom:  
There shall be fresher petals soon in  
bloom.  
The sun conspires with darkness, moon,  
and blight  
That he may dazzle even more thy  
sight.

So open wide thy heart; to Joy give  
room.  
And once that Joy has lodged within  
thy parts,  
The rain, the clouds of grey, the mist  
and spray  
Shall teach thee laughter, show thee  
Beauty's face,  
For Beauty stands in darkness her great  
marts  
As well as in the yellow light of day:  
Thus grace thou'lt see in nature's every  
pace.

DAVID E. REILLY, 335.

## DOMINI NOSTRI MAGISTRIQUE



Mr. Gordon teaches history in 210. . . . Born 1906. . . . Entered B.L.S. in 1919, Class IV. . . . Graduated in 1923. . . . Was a track man and member of the baseball team. . . . Graduated from Harvard (A.B.) 1927. . . . Ed. M.—Harvard University in 1929. . . . Member of Harvard track and boxing teams—(throws a terrific left). . . . Returned to Latin School as master in 1929. . . . Coach of B.L.S. Tennis Team. . . . Hobby is writing Historical Biographies. . . . Writes for various magazines. . . . Married. . . . One daughter. . . . Was formerly counselor at a boys' camp during summer. . . . Resides in Brighton. . . . Says young boys spend too much time on sports, such as baseball, football, which they can never use in later life; they should take more time for tennis, swimming, and skating, sports from which they can get some relaxation. . . .

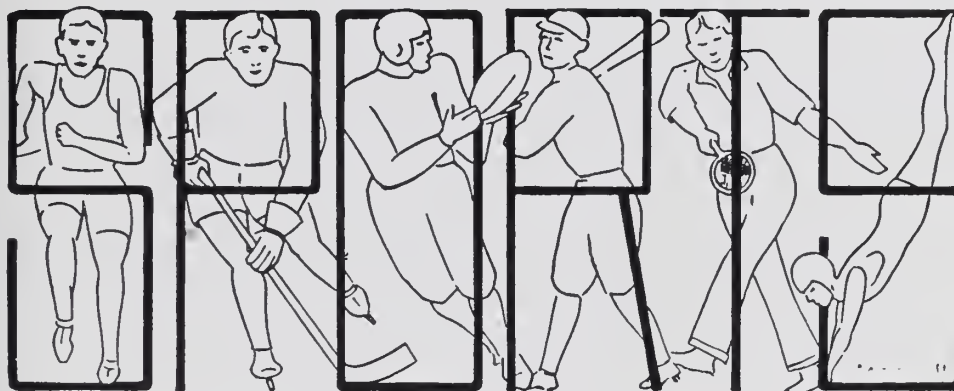


Dr. Marnell teaches Latin and Greek in 123. . . . Born 1907. . . . Entered B.L.S. in 1921. . . . Graduated in 1923. . . . Charter member of our Dramatic Association. . . . Graduated from B.C.—(A.M.) 1927. . . . Ph.D. from Harvard. . . . Was member of B.C. dramatic club. . . . Returned to B.L.S. as master in 1929. . . . Has charge of business end of Dramatic Association. . . . Not married. . . . His summer is spent lecturing at Fordham University on 19th Century English Literature. . . . Before teaching, he was a Railroad man (Car Service Work)—also reporter for Herald-Traveler. . . . Hobby is to avoid Insurance Agents, candid cameras, and The LATIN SCHOOL REGISTER. . . .



Mr. Kozodoy teaches math in 232. . . . Born 1910. . . . Entered B.L.S. in 1922, Class VI. . . . Graduated in 1928. . . . While here his extra-curricular activities included Debating Society; Glee Club—Secretary; French Club—President; Associate Editor of "REGISTER". . . . Graduated from Harvard (A.B.) 1932. . . . Ed. M.—Boston Teachers' College in 1933. . . . Returned to B.L.S. as a teacher that year. . . . Member of the Glee Club and Debating Society at Harvard. . . . His hobby is gardening. . . . Likes to go camping and trawling during summer months. . . . Adviser of the Highway Safety Club. . . . Married. . . . One child (who shall attend B.L.S.) "A comfy old man, busy as a bee."





## B.L.S. Second to Mechanics

The Latin field event performers amassed  $27\frac{1}{2}$  points to take second place in first day of the quadrangular track meet. Mechanics Arts made 79 points to Dorchester's 15 and Trade's  $10\frac{1}{2}$ . Latin was able to win only one event, with Cashnear taking a well-deserved first in the Class D shotput. In the Class A events Lynch took second in the broad jump, and "Dick" Powers a second in the shotput. George Barr came in second in the Class B broad jump.

Boston Latin added 55 points to its  $27\frac{1}{2}$  to finish second with  $82\frac{1}{2}$  points. The Mechanic Arts' track team for the second successive day led the field with 104 points. Trade was third with 15 points in the running events, and Dorchester fourth, with 13.

The feature race of the day was the Class B, 50-yard dash, with "Bill" Connolly of Latin against Russ Mason of Dorchester. At the half-way mark "Bill" showed his class and moved out front to a victory. Another thrilling race was the Class A "1000," which saw "Joe" Carey take the lead with two laps to go, and finish ahead of Walter Morris. This was "Joe's" first attempt at the "1000," and he looks as though he ought to have a good season.

In the Class D events Latin looked very good, taking three firsts, two sec-

onds, and sweeping the "220."

The summary:

### FIELD EVENTS

#### CLASS A

Broad jump—Won by Watkins, M. A., distance 9ft. 7in.; second, Lynch, L., 8ft.  $11\frac{1}{4}$ in.; third, Early, L., 8ft.  $10\frac{3}{4}$ in.; fourth, Dixon, T., 8ft.  $10\frac{1}{4}$ in.

Shot—Won by Senier, M. A., distance, 47ft. 6in.; second, Powers, L., 35ft.; third, Farrow, M. A., 34ft. 8in.; fourth, Kallas, M. A., 30ft. 8in.

Running high jump—Won by G. Cowhig, M. A.; second, John Yonaker, M. A.; third, Miller, M. A.; fourth, Faldetta, T. Height—5ft. 9in.

#### CLASS B

Broad jump—Won by Mason, D., distance 8ft.  $9\frac{1}{2}$ in.; second, Barr, L., 8ft. 7in.; third, Gustofson, M. A., 8ft.  $6\frac{1}{4}$ in.; fourth, Ridgley, L., 8ft. 6in.

Shot—Won by Pistorino, M. A., distance 55ft. 4in.; second, Gerud, D., 44ft. 10in.; third, Gealy T., 43ft. 9in.; fourth, Charron, M. A., 41ft. 11in.

Running high jump—Won by Collins, M. A.; second, Fergus, T.; third, tie among Verriell, D., Ward, T., and Desmond, M. A. Height—5ft. 8in.

#### CLASS C

Broad jump—Won by Gray, M. A., distance 8ft. 8in.; second, Canner, L., 8ft.  $7\frac{3}{4}$ in.; third, Bieman, L., 8ft. 3in.; fourth, Rodzio, T., 8ft. 2in.

Shot—Won by Johnson, M. A., distance 45ft. 6in.; second, Glasberg, D.,

45ft.; third, Osal, M. A., 43ft. 2in.; fourth, Druan, M. A., 41ft. 2in.

Running high jump—Won by O'Connor, M. A.; second, Manning, M. A.; third, tie among Dixon, M. A., Martin, L., and Casey, M. A. Height—5ft. 3in.

#### CLASS D

Broad jump—Won by Goggin, M. A., distance 8ft. 2in.; second, Gittens, M. A., 7ft. 10 $\frac{3}{4}$ in.; third, Sangas, M. A., 7ft. 8 $\frac{1}{4}$ in.; fourth, Carlson, M. A., 7ft. 6 $\frac{3}{4}$ in.

Shot—Won by Casbear, L., distance 53ft. 10in.; second, Sheroff, D., 52ft. 9in.; third Adamavicz, L., 44ft. 8in.; fourth, Berrs, L., 44ft. 3in.

Running high jump—Won by Collins, M. A.; tie for second among Smith, T.; Whartin, L., Dickinson, M. A., and Roberts, M. A. Height—5ft.

#### CLASS A

50-yard hurdles—Won by Sam Walker (M.); second, John Yonakor (M); third, Rob Franklin (M); fourth, George Earley (L). Time—6.3s.

50-yard dash—Won by Leighton Hulhum (M.); second, William Morrissey (M.); third, Earl Redway (M); fourth, Edward Lawton (M). Time—6s.

300-yard run—Won by Bill Allen (M); second, Austin Cave (T); third, Louis (Watkins (M); fourth, Joseph Sullivan (M). Time—39.2s.

600-yard run—Won by Charles Field (M); second, Joseph Farrow (M); third, Harry Drake (L); fourth, Odd Anderson (T). Time—1m. 24s.

1000-yard run—Won by Joseph Carey (L.); second, Walter Morris (L.); third, Peter Cassis (M.); fourth, John Rear-don (D.). Time—2m. 33.4s.

#### CLASS B

50-yard hurdles—Won by Harry Peterson (M.); second, Alden Tellstrom (M.); third, Dick Kiley (M.); fourth, Tom Collins (M.). Time—6.8s.

50-yard dash—Won by William Connolly (L.); second, Russell Mason (D.); third, Everton King (M.); fourth, Charles Pistorino. Time—5.4s.

300-yard run—Won by St. Claire Ward (T.); second, John Claney (M.); third, Francis Grinnell (M.); fourth, Alfonse Petkauskas (L.). Time—36.3s

600-yard run—Won by Edward Healey (T.); second, John Desmond (M.); third, Bill Ellis (L.); fourth, Carl Vinal (D.). Time—1m. 26.4s.

#### CLASS C

50-yard hurdles—Won by James Manning (M.); second, Al Manganaro (M.); third, John Kelly (L.); fourth, Bob Dixon (M.). Time—7.2s.

50-yard dash—Won by Walter Re-meis (M.); second, Irving Canner (L.); third, Dick Samuda (M.); fourth, Jack Driscoll (D.). Time—6s.

220-yard run—Won by Henry Olson (M.); second, Guy Barra (M.); third, John Golden (M.); fourth, Myron Wilensky (D.). Time—29.2s.

440-yard run—Won by Walter Strun-gis (M.); second, Jack Shea (L.); third, Milton Woolfson (L.); fourth, Raymond Campbell (D.). Time—60s.

#### CLASS D

50-yard hurdles—Won by John Smith (L.); second, Art O'Neill (M.); third, Merrill Feldman (L.); fourth, William Carlson (M.). Time—7.4s.

50-yard dash—Won by Eliot Altshuler (D.); second, Sam Coppleman (L.); third, Chester Roberts (M.); fourth, Walter Terry (T.). Time—6s.

176-yard run—Won by Martin Gree-ley (L.); second, Walter Czukailo (M.); third, Leon Gittens (M); fourth, Ed Ramsey (M). Time—22.2s.

220-yard run—Won by Paul Laskin (L.); second, James Sullivan (L.); third, James Barrabee (L.); fourth, Edward Carroll (L.). Time—28s.

### Dorchester-I; B.L.S.-0

The Purple and White hockey team went down to defeat at the hands of Dorchester High by the identical score by which they triumphed over the same

team a year ago. The playing all around was ragged, for it was, for most of the fellows, the first time on ice this season.

The lone goal of the game came a little more than a minute before the end, when a Dorchester man was in the cooler for an illegal check. "Johnny" Coleman, Dorchester's left winger, snatched the puck from the rushing Purple skaters and shot from the blue line. His shot was wide, but a teammate picked up the disc behind the net, and in the scuffle that followed he slipped it through the skates of Goalie "Art" Brennan.

"Bobby" Mulhern's stick-handling, "Art" Brennan's net-minding, and "Red" Boyle's rushing were the features of the game. The lineup and summary:

Brennan, g.; Rowen, r.d.; C. Casey, l.d.; Gardner, c.; Reid, r.w.; Mulhern, l.w. The spares included R. Casey, Riley, Boyle, Kineavy, Slattery, Havey, Sorine, and Conroy.

First period—goals, none.

Penalties—none.

Second period—goals, none.

Penalties—Lenson (D.), (trip); Cleary (D.), (slashing).

Third period—goal, Donahue, (unassisted), 8:45.

Penalty — Lenson (D.), (illegal check).

Time, three ten-minute periods.

## COMMERCE-2; LATIN-1

The Latin School hockey team finally scored their first goal, but to no avail. Our neighbors from across the Avenue came from behind to score two goals, which put the game on ice. The Purple and White went ahead early in the first period when "Bunny" Rowen set up "Bob" Mulhern directly in front of the Commerce cage. Near the end of the same period the bookkeepers equalized on a long shot by "Don" Murray from the right boards, and early in the second period Bart Drane tucked away a neat pass from Jim Sweeny to end the scoring for the day.

"Bunny" Rower certainly deserves praise for his all-round effectiveness in a game which showed that the Latin team still lacks punch in its passing attack. A mistake in judgment caused our boys to score when a wing chose to pass to a mate rather than shoot when he was less than ten feet in front of the net.

The summary:

Kelly, g.; Casey, r.d.; Rowen, l.d.; Gardner, c.; Cullen, r.w.; Mulhern, l.w.

Spares—Reid, Conroy, Boyle.

First Period Goals—Mulhern (Rowen), 1:20; Commerce, 7:20. No penalties.

## EXCHANGES

We acknowledge the following:

*The Magnet*—Leominster High School.

*The Rail Splitter*—Lincoln Community High School, Lincoln, Ill.

*The Tattler*—Roslindale High School.

*The Hebronian*—Hebron Academy, Hebron, Maine.

*Boys High Tattler*—Boys High School, Atlanta, Georgia.

*The North Star*—North High School, Wichita, Kansas.

*The Pingry Record* — Pingry School, Elizabeth, N. J.

*The Massachusetts Collegian* — Mass. State, Amherst, Mass.

*The Blue and Gold*—Malden High School.

*The Rindge Register*—Rindge Tech., Cambridge, Mass.

*The Courier*—Hyde Park High School.

*The Clarion* — Jamaica Plain High School.

*The Distaff*—Girls' High School.

*Northeastern News*—Northeastern University.

*The Imp*—Brighton High School.





We editors may dig and toil  
Till our fingertips are sore,  
But some poor fool is sure to say—  
I've heard that joke before.

\* \* \*

*Freshman:* "How's your nose?"

*Senior:* "Shut Up."

*Freshman:* "So's mine—must be the  
cold weather."

\* \* \*

Webster had the right idea—

"Math—a mowing or cutting down."

\* \* \*

*Policeman:* "You say you saw the  
accident, sir?—What was the number of  
the car that knocked this man down?"

*Math Prof:* "I'm afraid I've forgotten  
it. But I remember noticing that if it  
were multiplied by itself, the cube root  
of the product would be equal to the  
sum of the digits reversed."

\* \* \*

"Did you finish at college *cum laude*?"

"No, *mirabile dictu*."

\* \* \*

*Doctor:* "I'd like to have a quart of  
blood for a transfusion. Can I have it?"

*Student:* "Only a pint, I gotta shave  
tomorrow."

\* \* \*

"I wish I could be like a river."

"Why?"

"So I could stay in bed and follow the  
course."

*Unsuspecting Professor:* "So, sir, you  
said I was a learned jackass, did you?"

*Prepared Junior:* "No, sir, I merely  
remarked that you were a burro of in-  
formation."

\* \* \*

Whatever trouble Adam had,

No man in days of yore,

Could say when he had told a joke,  
"I've heard that one before!"

\* \* \*

*Co-Ed:* "Why didn't you find out who  
he was when the professor called the  
roll?"

*Another:* "I did try to, but he an-  
swered for three different names."

\* \* \*

*Junior to visitor:* "And over there is  
the greenhouse."

*Visitor:* "Oh, I see; the freshman dor-  
mitory!"

"That college turns out some great  
men."

"When did you graduate?"

"I didn't; I was turned out."

\* \* \*

*Teacher:* What are the three Latin  
verbs most common in English?

*Ever-present Class Wit:* "Fecit, gessit,  
and missit."

\* \* \*

Here's one for Tom Dewey! . . . Ac-  
cording to Virgil, Atlas was holding up  
the whole world.

*Teacher:* What are the Phoenicians famous for?

*Scholar:* Blinds!

\* \* \*

Shakespeare among other things, must have been an automobile salesman.  
*Witness:*

*Henry VIII, I, 1:* "To climb steep hills requires a slow pace at first.

*Merry Wives, III, 5:* "I've had fords enough!"

*Hamlet, IV, 5:* "Oh, how the wheel becomes it."

*Macbeth, II, 2:* "Whence is that knocking!"

*Henry V, III, 3:* "The battery once again."

\* \* \*

*Beta:* Are the boys at your "frat" house superstitious?

*Omega:* Oh, yes! We never sleep thirteen in a bed.

*Contribution from the Class Poet:*

A student of English named Pike  
Insisted on saying "oblique."

Thou his teacher would shriek  
that the word was "oblique",  
He said, "Nope, I know what I like."

\* \* \*

### Strange Death

Mr. Quim reports a boy, taking a history exam, passed in the following: "General Braddock was killed in the Revolutionary War. He had four horses shot under him, and a fifth went through his clothes."

\* \* \*

*Smith:* So your son is in college.  
How's he making it?

*Jones:* He isn't. I'm making it; . . . he's spending it.

## THE CABOOSE

The G.L.S. show "Midsummer Night's Dream" at Latin School made about forty-seven dollars, according to ticket-agent Toulountzis. *Controversial statement:* What a price is paid for Beauty!

\* \* \*

Did you see the kid who pulled out a "fin" in the lunchroom? He's a shark.

\* \* \*

"No wonder I can't see it," the pupil said; "I've got my glasses on upside down."

\* \* \*

"I closed my eyes for a wink, and lo and behold, you had the answer. Boys' minds don't work as quick as that," Mr. Scully said.

\* \* \*

Counted six B.L.S. students at the Sat. evening showing of a downtown play. And then ran into Mr. Finn.

The difference between a five and a five-minus is so that a boy won't get a swelled head.

\* \* \*

Hear Mr. Wenners has his finger in the membership of certain clubs in the school. He's counting his heads before the pictures (Yearbook) are taken. Mr. Levine, by the way, calls it The Gazette.

\* \* \*

Things I never thought till now:  
Every tree must know Joyce Kilmer. . .  
Even in twilight something may dawn on you. . . How about Mr. Getchell and Dr. Hyde? . . . Santa Claus has no relationship to the relative clause.

\* \* \*

The Caboose tunnels under the advertisements. Comes out at the end of the next REGISTER. Hope you've liked this one. So long!

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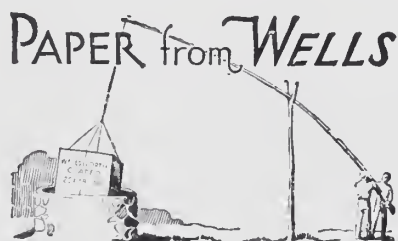


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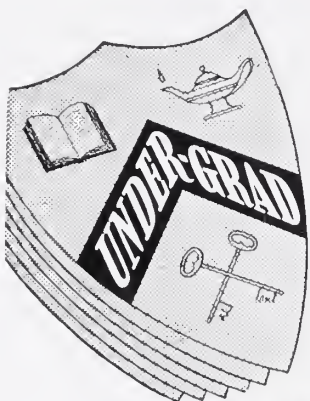
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